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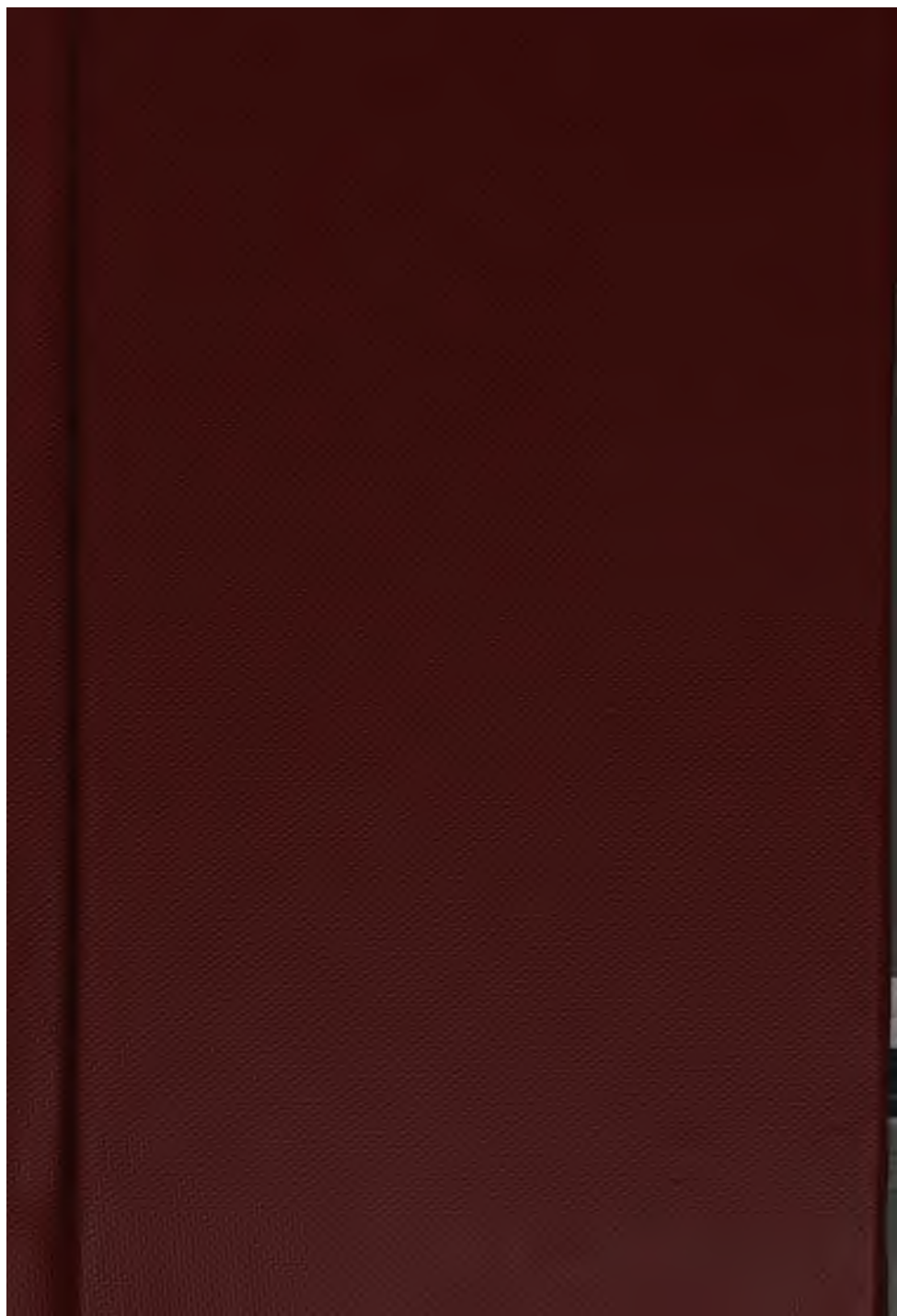
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Carlyle Redivivus

BEING

*AN OCCASIONAL DISCOURSE ON
SAUERTEIG.*

By SMELFUNGUS.

EDITED BY

PATRICK PROCTOR ALEXANDER, M.A.,
*Author of "Mill and Carlyle," "Moral Causation," "Spiritualism -
a Narrative with a Discussion," et cetera.*

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P R E F A C E .

THIS little Extravaganza was written, merely *pour rire* to amuse myself and a circle of friends—nearly all of whom are now dead—on the appearance of the first two volumes of Mr. Carlyle's "*Frederick the Great*," to which allusion throughout in it is frequent; and shortly after the conclusion of the Work, I included it as subsidiary portion of a little volume, entitled "Mill and Carlyle." Some years since, I was asked to permit its re-publication; but to this I objected; on the ground that as I chanced to know Mr. Carlyle had not, at the time, quite appreciated the compliment paid him, I was unwilling to risk renewal of offence—more particularly as during the interval I had, in regard of another matter, had some little epistolary intercourse with Mr. Carlyle, on *his* part of a very pleasant, courteous, and cordial kind. As Mr. Carlyle is dead, and cannot now the least be disturbed by either the Parodist or the Critic (and in life it was always understood he was pretty indifferent as to criticism) this objection is of course removed. Since Mr. Carlyle's death, and the publication of his rather

questionable and sad "Reminiscences," he has had much of the attention of the public; and pending the appearance of the completed "Life and Letters" which one of these days we look for at the hands of Mr. Froude, this is likely to be more or less continued. The interest of the subject being such, it has seemed to me that the present Piece perhaps might bear reproduction amid the masses of other matter in course of being accumulated. Under the mask of its wild fooling there is insinuated from time to time some not unserious criticism; and I don't know that, if it were my purpose to write some ten or twenty pages about Mr. Carlyle in the understood lingo of mankind, I could really do very much more than utilise under forms of solemnity and ordinary English, the suggestions thus whimsically conveyed. Of Mr. Carlyle's Genius—admitted, I should think, by every one—and its nature and limitations as I conceive them, I have not the least wish in a formal way to say anything. By common consent, or nearly so, Mr. Carlyle died, *our greatest English Man of Letters*. Of this claim on his behalf (which includes of course a recognition of him as a great intellectual and spiritual force) there can scarce, I should say, be much question. But one might very well admire Mr. Carlyle as a *Litterateur* (in this higher and larger sense) yet have only a modified belief in him as a Prophet, and question altogether his title to be called—except in a rather loose and inexact way—a great Thinker and Philosopher. As to

all this considerable divergence of view undeniably exists among Mr. Carlyle's very ardent admirers and even express Disciples. As having whilome sat at the feet of Gamaliel, it is among these last that I myself should desire to be enrolled, with *one* sincere word of—*Gratitude*. My easy and a little unformulated notions as to this whole matter may be picked by each reader, as he pleases, from the Piece now set before him.

It is my hope that what was in its first conception no more than a harmless piece of pleasantry, and had come by Mr. Carlyle himself to be so looked at, will not now be matter of offence to even his most rabid Idolaters. As in issuing it whilst Mr. Carlyle lived, I could not intend disrespect to him; in re-issuing it after his death, it is not the least my intention to desecrate his honoured grave. Any Worshipper of Mr. Carlyle who so supposes is—what shall we say? in the phrase of our common master, “an Ostrich merely;” and, as such—to quote again my dear and revered old master—I “dismiss him to the Devil or to Jericho,”¹ as not at all the sort of person, whose opinion as to this or any other matter can ever be of the least importance to any one save only his good old Grandmother.

The little Piece abounds throughout with glancing allusions, scarce likely to be caught by any one, not almost critically familiar with nearly the entire round of Mr.

¹ “Reminiscences.”—Vol. I., page 256.

Carlyle's writings; but it does not seem worth while to indicate these—even if it could be done without trouble—inasmuch as a merely cursory acquaintance with Mr. Carlyle may quite well suffice to any Reader for a fit appreciation of such little merit—or demerit—as the thing may be adjudged to possess.

P. P. A.

DISCOURSE ON SAUERTEIG.

HAVE readers perhaps heard of a certain Herr Professor Sauerteig? and, if so, what in the Fiend's name is their thought of him? Truly, a surprising Herr! of whom, and the abstruse ways of him, one knows not rightly what to think;—strangest agonistic product of a time, surely all too prolific of strangest Gorgons and Chimeras! More singular Gorgon than this Sauerteig the sun does not probably now see. Gorgon of a hitherto unexampled figure—on some sides of him lovely enough, on other sides not so lovely—a terror and perplexity to himself at times, as we rather fear, and surely much a puzzle to poor bewildered persons sedulously eyeing him through this and the other pair of critic spectacles; and earnest, if they could only manage it, to be delivered of some reasonable word concerning him. We can say of this Sauerteig, with some confidence, whatever *else* is to be said of him, that for one thing he has the

indubitablest *Eye*—inexpressibly important organ, out of which are the issues of life—and is resolute to *glare* withal, rather more than is perhaps needful, to the terror of the more timorous class of persons. *Eye*, perhaps on the whole, comparable to that of the great Mirabeau himself, and which Sauerteig is sedulous to employ *otherwise* than the great Mirabeau did in mere winking overmuch at pretty women. Ye heavens ! Mirabeau ! unparalleled hero-figure ! great, greatest ! with *Eye* which obstinately *would* so wink ; except for one, August the physically strong, Saxon man of some energy, to this hour seeking his fellow in *one* indispensable department of human industry ! Most indubitably this Sauerteig has an *Eye*—unhappily only *one*—and that all too concentrated-intense ; stuck also, as we observe, hopelessly into his *occiput*, intent on the far Ages mainly, and his own posterior conformations and Sitting-parts.¹ Sitting-parts really rather of the lovely type ! Alas ! what, if *too* lovely ? —all too Ideal-aspiring, Heroic ?—good to be casually glanced at from time to time ; to be constantly and sedulously inspected perhaps not quite so good—effect of such sedulous inspection not unlikely to be mere wild rage and disgust, with all Sitting-parts constructed on a *less* ideal pattern. Of Sitting-parts of the Sauerteig Ideal-Heroic species, too close self-inspection may be perilous. For the

¹ Sitting-parts—favourite *euphemism* of Sauerteig for certain portions of the human anatomy not much mentioned in polite circles—the fine humour of the touch is obvious.

nature of Ideals is peculiar. To discourse at large here of Ideals, and their divine meanings and uses, might lead us far—probably into very deep regions indeed, whither the British reader—poor blockhead he for the most part—might evince a disinclination to follow. Sufficient, perhaps, in this place, to suggest, that Ideals are of the nature of gin and other stimulant, and behove to be temperately taken. He who cannot take his Ideal temperately shall be severely admonished, and solicited totally to abstain therefrom. Dissipated deep-sunk wretches, got dead drunk on their Ideals—Hero or other—staggering on all our pavements, wallowing obscene in our gutters, staggering up again therefrom to do mere foul battery and assault on the lieges, (“O ye enchanted Apes! Flunkys! Owls! Ostriches!” other the like foul battery and libel)—*such* poor deep-sunk mortals *we* adjudge to be flat nuisances, who, sinking to soft sleep in the gutters, may chance to awake in the Police-offices. Ideals, alas! chief and even sole blessing of man here below! capable, by excessive unwise use of them, of becoming a considerable curse to him, curse as of fire-gin, and, in fact, the very Devil himself. Into the hapless soul of some hitherto eupeptic, comfortably feeding man, let there but suddenly find its way some “Divine Idea of a pork chop,” all actual attainable pork is at once fallen hideous, accurst to him. Beside his “Divine Idea” of it, continually beaming, *glaring* in upon him, very splendour out of heaven, no pork attainable in mere earthly markets is like to be

found satisfactory. On this and the other excellent, highly sufficient, succulent pork chop, he will, with the upturned nose of him, sniff mere Hero-scorn and disgust. With such a man, as we compute, the poor Pork-butchers are like to have hard times of it; obvious that the activity of such a man must with some rapidity reduce itself to sheer wild cursing of the Pork-butchers. To the butchers decidedly displeasing; (Ugly customer *this* / vilipending *so* our wholesome succulent-sufficient pork chops) and for the poor mortal himself, who must live on pork, surely much a misfortune. Poor mortal likely, we take it, to find himself in no long time somewhat scant of fat upon the ribs of him; growing lean upon his "Divine Idea"; mortal not unlikely to starve, we fear. Surely a quite unwise impracticable kind of mortal! Palpably diseased unclean pork, deleterious, mere semblance and putrescence of pork, its Ideal all too fatally rotted out of it, no man or Sauerteig shall by this writer be called upon to devour. *Such* pork and putridity, foul, *unideal*, the Ideal all rotted away of it, all men and Sauerteigs shall be called upon by this writer, and even unutterably shrieked upon, to exterminate, conflagrate, sweep swiftly under hatches, and, by all prompt effective methods, abolish from the face of a God's earth, *not*, as we perceive, in the soul and inmost fact of it, constructed upon putrid principles. To decline carrion, and curse and even violently throttle the foul wretch, vending it for human food, thou, O Sauerteig! doest well. But to curse likewise at sound

meat offered thee, meat not *pure* Ideal, yet supportably so, succulent-sufficient, capable of being wholesomely digested, assimilated by even the more fastidious class of entrails ! this, O Sauerteig ! is *not* so well, is *ill* of thee, we perceive, O Sauerteig ! The poor Sauerteig, with that *one* eye of his, *Eye* all too concentrated-intense, stuck strangely into the back of his head, too sedulously superintending the far Ages in the light of his own ideal, superfine Hero-formations, finds no pork of the present Era in the very least to his mind ; no cut of it all, alas ! will satisfy the ravening soul of a Sauerteig gone wild with his "Divine Idea." This and the other pork chop of the present day, excellent, succulent-sufficient, considering itself doubtless to be *first* chop, the Sauerteig will condescend to inspect and apply his profound philosophic nose to ; will confront with his "Divine Idea," wildly denounce it as a *sham* chop, mere semblance, flunkey, and futility of a chop, and presently, with much imprecation, hurl it back at the head of the pork-butcher. The unhappy Sauerteig ! getting rather scant of fat upon the ribs of him, we fear ; his "Divine Idea" not nutritive. For a Sauerteig earnest-fastidious after this fashion, what remains, but that, subsisting himself on a severe *minimum* of the *sham*, mere semblant pork of an accursed "swindler century," he betake himself to the centuries old-devout, Heroic, whilst pork yet veritably *was*, and ascertain what chops may lie for him in that direction. Chops *galore* in that direction, and of primest Heroic quality ; veracious ; actual *substance* of meat

in them, not semblance and putrid lie merely. This and the other Middle Age, or other historic piece of properest Hero-pork, Sauerteig will, from time to time, produce, exhibit, and infinitely jubilate and glory over, making uncivilized comparisons. *This* chop, alas ! however, an all too hungry Sauerteig cannot unhappily *eat*, the "hollow Eternities" having been beforehand with Sauerteig here, and satisfactorily "devoured" it some centuries since. The all too voracious Eternities ! rapacious ! by reason of whose too prompt forestalling of Sauerteig, our Hero-chop can only now be sniffed from afar, divine aromas of it, like airs from Araby the blest, coming to us, wafted through the dim times and spaces, with what slight solace may lie in them for the hungry Sauerteig soul. Superficially it might be judged, that, in this matter, Sauerteig may have ground to complain of these sharp-set procedures of the Eternities, so exceedingly rapacious beforehand, devouring his chops away from him in this rather severe manner. Intrinsically, however, one perceives that solely by its *being* so devoured all away from him a century or two ago, does his chop become radiant, Divine-aromatic for him. A chop, the severe *actual* of which cannot now be got at, the Eternities having ravaged it up some time since, will be highly convenient for a Sauerteig gone wild with his "Divine Idea." *Such* chop it is so much more easy to *cook* than the actual foul impracticable chop of a present swindler century. To *cook*, O Sauerteig-Soyer ! with thine own "patent inimitable *sauce piquante* ;"

late M. Soyer himself, really a poor Artist compared with thee in this of the culinary Historic. *Such* chop is got partially into the fair region of "the possible;" the Possible, to which the Sauerteig Hero-Ideal will briskly proceed to "wed itself;" Hero-Ideal most brisk-effective, active, which, once well wedded to the Possible, will speedily contrive with the Possible strange new births of Heroism to bless the world—Hero-Oliver, considered to be hitherto our supreme feat in the Cookery line—Hero-Abbot, Samson the name of him, also a culinary performance of some merit—Hero-Mirabeau with his *eye*, winking overmuch at pretty women, a questionable figure, but *genuine*; exceeding *genuine*, O Sauerteig! probably as genuine a blackguard as the planet has seen for some centuries—other miscellany of Hero-figures, foul scoundrels mostly, cleverly *done* into heroism by applications of our "patent inimitable *sauce piquante*." Truly, as we said, the Sauerteig hero-Ideal, brisk-effective, active, getting alongside of the Possible, will speedily bless the world with strange new births of Heroism. Or, speaking under our former figure (pretty nigh as well ridden to death now as if Sauerteig himself had been astride of it; a Sauerteig, who, once well mount him on a metaphor, may be backed to cross a country with it) was there ever an Artist like Sauerteig for the *cooking* of Historical pork chops? Late M. Soyer himself, we think, distinctly an inferior Artist. Thou singular Sauerteig-Soyer! unsurpassed among men, unsurpassable in this of the culinary Historic. Artist really

in the high sense ; these mere fond imaginations of meat of his, all so wondrously concreted, visualised, in the conceptive-creative head of him : very actually seeming to *live* for us in the singular Cookery Books and Histories ; *actually*, and almost as if they could be *eaten*.

A singular Sauerteig-Soyer, taken in the actual fact, girt with his Cook-aprons and unutterable culinary wrappages, brandishing his Hero-gridirons, and infinitely manipulating with his *sauce piquante* and imaginary Middle Age pork chops, may perhaps be a figure like few, worth glancing at a little in an occasional way. Latest culinary preparation of Sauerteig, long expected, hungered for, here before us at last, in two stout sufficient volumes, published at the rate of one pound sterling *per* volume (somewhat severe, O Sauerteig) ! may perhaps be worth glancing at in an occasional way. Culinary preparation purporting to be of a certain Grimwold, high-shining Heroic-Baronial figure, of the old King John and Richard eras ; “much deserving to be known ; hitherto *not* “much known ; alas ! much *mis*-known as yet, the very little “that we know of him.” Poor glimpses of him here and there revealed for us in Monk Chronicle of one Jocelinus de Brakelonda ; revealer also of a certain Abbot Samson, of whom readers have heard. *Which* Grimwold, a singular Sauerteig-Soyer, will unutterably proceed to *cook* for us, at the rate of one pound *per* volume (severe ! O Soyer and Sauerteig) ! With slight prelude, and jargonning of the understood sort :—Hero-hood ! Earnest soul ! Noble life ! other the like ineffable

cants and jargonings, most peremptorily *not* to be here inflicted on poor innocent readers, Sauerteig, in a really rather clever, by no means quite inartistic way, will treat us as a *whet*, in the first instance, to some Life-image and visual presentment of his Hero-Grimwold. Presentment passably well done in the approved Sauerteig manner. "Stalwart, high "Hero-figure; *steel* figure on occasion; mostly in some "dubious, uncertain wrappages of buff or the like jerkins, "and other Middle Age ware; somewhat grim-trenchant in "the looks of him; nose massive, (*valde grossum et eminentem*, "Monk dialect of Jocelinus,) of type, as I perceive, high "Norman; eyes gleaming out, clear-menacing, from under "the black bush brows, highly capable of *glaring*, if need be, "and like enough to find need now and then;—a clear de- "cisiveness of soul, veracity, earnest valour, looking out "from the whole man, and breathing from every lineament of "him;—a highly sufficient man and ruler of men, as the out- "come of him will shortly convince us." With much to the like purpose, such as some of us may have seen before. A bit of historic portraiture not without merit in its way; slight, not inartistic preliminary *cookery* of Grimwold, and *whetting* of the reader's appetite for him. Judge of our blank bewilderment of mind, when, turning the page briskly to a new chapter, anxious to make further acquaintance with this interesting Hero-figure, we find ourselves discussing with Sauerteig—*what* in the Fiend's name does a gentle reader suppose? Adam and fig leaves, we may venture to surmise in a modest

way, is *not* what most readers would suppose. By the Eternities ! O reader ! no other ; Adam and fig leaves, fall of man ; thence downwards by a very slow coach indeed, through Noah, (certain domesticities, incidents here, treated with a free humour, amusing enough, but questionable in these demure times,) Noah ! infinite other dreary patriarchs ; Hebrew eras ; old Roman, old Greek eras ; still on, on, till finally we find ourselves, wandering lost creatures, (our high Grimwold, as should seem, gone from us, too probably for ever,) wandering, wandering in thick inextricable jungles of Wends, Kurfursts, Margraves, and the like dolefullest “ghosts of defunct bodies ;” still passionately seeking for a Grimwold, and, alas ! finding none ; no thrice-accursed Wend or Kurfurst of them all able to afford us the least hint of our Grimwold ! Ye heavens ! it is quite too bad ; our Hero-Grimwold, in whom we really had an interest, and disbursed two pounds to get news of him a little, rapt away from us *so* ; and served up to us here, instead of him, mere disinterred carrion of Wends, Kurfursts, Margraves,—doleful creatures, of interest now to no soul, extinct, unavailable ;—available to *thee*, O Sauerteig ! for making of thing called Book, at somewhat a severe figure ;—otherwise for ever *un*-available, uninteresting ; sole poor interest we could have with them, to get them swiftly shovelled underground again if we could, not without deep execration. Disinterred carrion, O Sauerteig ! of mere Kurfursts and the like ; plain carrion, actively insulting the nostril, to which *no* cookery

could reconcile us. Palpable carrion, O Sauerteig ! at the somewhat severe rate of one pound *per* volume down for it ! phenomenon which, even in a "swindler century," may be calculated to excite remark. Of a Sauerteig, who, advertising his Hero-Grimwold to us, finds it needful, after one glimpse given of him, to retire upon "Adam and fig leaves ;" and thence, with extremest tedium, through nameless imbroglions of universal Human History and stupidity, to work downward toward his Grimwold, thus much may be said at least, that he has hit upon a novelty in historical method. Be the praise of originality in the matter, likewise of some audacity, nowise denied to Sauerteig ! "Igdrasil, the Life-tree !" shriekest thou, O Sauerteig ? as partly we seem to hear thee shriek ; "Igdrasil ! and how it all *grows*, and, through all "times and branchings of it, is ever mysteriously *one* ! how "the present in every fibre of it does, in most real irrefragable way, rest upon and relate itself to all fibres of the "past ; some understanding of the past, out of which it "flowers and rises, necessary in order to any wise understanding of the present, &c., &c., &c." Reflections, O Sauerteig ! scientifically satisfactory to us from of old, yet somewhat, it should seem, of the barren species ; on their own essentially rather poor basis satisfactory ; distinctly *not* satisfactory to us, bosh to us, *balderdash*, as regards this present matter ; the just rage of us, desperately seeking our Grimwold, (having paid our poor two pounds for him,) seeking, seeking through wastes of mere Wends, Kurfursts—tearing

our way through the thorny jungles—lacerating our poor souls and limbs there; *not* to be appeased, O Sauerteig ! by twaddling these poor cants and Igdrasils at us. On the whole, to dismiss this sad Kurfurst business, one feels much inclined, on the head of it, supposing such feat achievable, to *kick* Sauerteig as, to some extent, a *sham* and imposition, and desire him to refund some proportion of the moneys too foully filched from us.

Praise be to the Upper Powers, however, if nowise to a robber Sauerteig, making us “stand and deliver” in this rather unprincipled manner; by valour, and human patience, exercise of Hero-endurance and faculty to dare and do, one *does* at last contrive—with much difficulty and not without tattered breeches, and thorns sticking in the temper of him—to tear himself, lacerate himself clear of the Kurfurst jungles, and *find* his Hero-Grimwold again. Pray Heaven only, that, once well found again, he prove *worth* the finding; a Hero of moderate respectability, whom, without utter loss of character, we could venture to march through Coventry with. Having of old experience of Sauerteig and his unutterable Hero-procedures and Cookeries, we are not without grave doubts—will be shy meantime of striking up intimacy with this Grimwold, on the mere introduction of a Sauerteig, rather given to consort with scoundrelly persons. A Grimwold who looks rather dubious to us ; certificate of character from *other* than Sauerteig highly essential before admitting him to undue intimacy. Sauerteig indeed, nothing

doubting, girt with his Cook-aprons, infinitely manipulating with his Hero-gridirons, and due “inimitable *sauce piquante*,” cooks busily, with vigour even unusual in him. “Right “stuff of properest Hero-porkhood here” iterates the singular Sauerteig-Soyer, cooking ; with ever the other dexterous touch of the “inimitable *piquante* ;” doubtless will—give him time—*dish up* his questionable Grimwold for us in form truly surprising ; prove his Grimwold to be very God in fact, whom let all the Peoples worship, or verily it shall be worse for them. Easy for *us* meanwhile, using our eye in the matter—eye other than the Sauerteig *Eye*, held therefore by Sauerteig to be *no-eye*, but ghastly *eye-socket* merely, with *spectacles*,—to see through all lacker of the “inimitable” soused over him, that Grimwold is not the thing at all ; is by no means much of a God ; is rather the reverse of *that* ; and, in fact, to be emphatic about it, as ugly an authentic product of the pit as ever was spued up out of it. For one thing, foully given up to drink ; evermore going about, with some quarter cask or so, of *mead*, or other fire-fluid of these epochs, fermenting mere madness in the foul belly of him. For six months at a time goes to bed¹ in his jack-boots—will rush about at midnight “like a perturbed ghost” ; and, torch in hand, essay to roast in her bed a high Bertha, his spouse—luckily too drunk to manage it. Shrieks, at times “wildly staring,” that “something is haunting him,” as indeed is plainly the case. Blue Devils are haunting him,

¹ Vol. ii. page 281, for this and the other detail.

blue and very aggravated; gross brute, in fact, seldom to be met with except in mad paroxysm of fiercest *delirium tremens*. (“*Royaller* soul,” says Sauerteig once, “I scarce ‘anywhere find record of.” Not in my whole extensive miscellany of Hero-scoundrels? in a sense we can well believe it.) In which high Hero-mood, a model Grimwold had the misfortune one fine spring morning¹ to—murder his grandmother, Katie (Katte?) the poor old name of her—*hanging*, with his own hands, that venerable ancient gentlewoman; details of the Hero-feat obscure, as culpably omitted by Jocelinus; Hero-feat itself happily quite indubitable.

Murder of Grandmother, O Sauerteig! not a doubt of it; plainly set down there in Jocelinus, unhappily without detail. Singular Hero-feat, which Sauerteig, person in all matters of fact of even exemplary rigour and veracity, will nowise try to suppress—will state quite frankly, gently *cooking* the while; consenting a little to *deplore* even, in order that he *may* cook, may softly insinuate cookerries. On the whole, Sauerteig will skim lightly over such awkward bit of Hero-business, treating it in an easy way, not without comic touches. To judge by the Sauerteig cookery of it, it might seem that the murder of one’s Grandmother was a commonplace sort of occurrence; eccentricity of “the grim man,” regrettable, not quite defensible perhaps, and yet with allowances to be made for it; which blockheads, with no

¹ Vol. ii. page 290.

Eye for the Heroic, will be so good as to refrain from overmuch shrieking at. "Not unlamentable," says Sauerteig, dismissing the subject, "but was not the Hero-soul clouded? "the great fact of Existence grown for the time *too* great to "it, whence, as we saw in our Hero-Olivers, Hero-Johnsons, "poor poet Cowpers, and the like, black hypochondrias, "and wretched diseased *insanity*?" Drunk! O Sauerteig-Soyer! cooking here somewhat too highly; the "inimitable" laid on this time really a little *too* thick! Drunk! O Sauerteig! for some six weeks at a time, the all too *royal* soul that he is! going to bed in his jack-boots; whence, as we have seen in many another loose fish, "hauntings" of him by Devils of the blue species, sheer mad rage of *delirium tremens*, and our poor old Grandmother to go for it!

Of Hero-Grimwold in liquor, readers are now in a position to judge. Sober, when by rarest accident you can catch him so, we perceive him to be intrinsically much the same ruffian; the excitement of him indeed less; will now, instead of transcendant exploit upon Grandmamma, content himself with discharging across the table, at Grimwold *junior*—likely lad of parts, age twelve or thereby—a soup tureen, of copious Middle-age dimensions, slightly fracturing the skull of likely lad; Medicus luckily at hand to cooper it somehow¹ together again. Hero-performance greatly admired by Sauerteig, who will proceed to do pœans in

¹ Vols. 1 and 2—Nearly anywhere you choose to open, when clear of the Kurfurst jungles.

praise of it ; Sauerteig much enamoured of the "clear
"decisiveness, clear steady insight, manfulness, and, on the
"whole, veracity," evinced by such a procedure, and will
ever and again *congratulate* the young Grimwold, "blest as
"surely too few are in *so* serving his apprenticeship to a
"noble Hero-Father." Grimwold junior, used to it like the
eels, his skull fractured every second day or so, will display,
as we perceive, if not gratitude, yet stoicism in the business,
and receive his soup tureen with composure which might
otherwise surprise us. On the whole, as the reader sees, a
Hero, too surely of the gross-ruffianly type, this Grimwold,
and man after Sauerteig's own heart, for whom some skill
in the "inimitable" may be needed. On the intellectual
side of him a dull block ; mass of mere stupidity and dull
brute unreason, not even, as sheer unreason, able to give
decent account of itself ; in the Sauerteig cookery dialect,
"man of Genius, strangely inarticulate, *dumb* ; the deep
"veracious insight of him struggling in vain to *articulate*
"*itself*, except by soup tureens and the like ; poet *without*
"*speech*, who will polish his stanza by such practical
"methods as lie ready to him ; the soup tureen always
"ready."

For readers interested in this Hero-Grimwold, and wishing to know more of him and his highly peculiar "mode of
"existence," we extract from Sauerteig passage of some
length. Grimwold, in great force in it, as will be seen,
developing himself in several ways ; as Family-man, and,

likewise, in wider capacity of Hero-Governor, "guiding the
 " dim populations, and, by all wise valiant methods, teach-
 " ing, inciting, and even, if need be, coercing and compelling
 " them to soar heavenwards; in whom, and his Heroic
 " methods and procedures, didactic meanings may lie for
 " us." The chapter is of much interest, and labelled by
 Sauerteig,

HEN-ROOST—'WARE POULTRY!

" Dead waste of night, and under all night-caps in the
 " Grimwold household, foolishhest dreams in progress—sud-
 " denly there rises from the Grimwold hen-roost, poultry
 " yard, dire pother of the feathered tribes; unutterable
 " multitudinous screeching of alarmed fowls, startling the
 " Starry Silences to some extent, and under more than
 " one night-cap, cognisant of it, giving rise to speculation
 " enough. Foul *vulpes*, as we guess, at work there; with
 " such result as the shuddering dawn will reveal. Huge
 " ravage of the Grimwold hen-roost, and Cochinchina
 " decimations! Woe of woes! unspeakable! sacred im-
 " mense Bubbly-jock, succulent fowl of the turkey species,
 " fattening carefully this while back for our high carnivals,
 " festivities, *it* too rapt away from us, and will solace the
 " coarse entrails of foul human *vulpes* unworthy of it!
 " Whereat let the reader of the more imaginative turn figure
 " forth to himself as he can, the rage of a Hero-Grimwold,
 " and perhaps a little come short of it. A Grimwold no-
 " wise indifferent to his victuals; with a good Hero-twist of

"his own ; a sound 'healthy animalism' ¹ (*Sinnlichkeit*) the
 "basis of him, as of most other men I have known worth
 "much in this God's world ; to whom sacred Bubbly-jock is
 "most sacred, the Hero-rage at loss of him proportionate.
 "Imprecation heaven-high on the part of our Hero-Grimwold !
 "Miserable human *vulpes* ! (man of business, as we should
 "now phrase it) who hast done this foul thing, *per os Dei*,
 "shalt thou not die hideously tortured for it? The passion
 "of the Heroic man is terrible to behold, apoplectic. Beau-
 "tiful beloved Bertha, indiscreetly seeking to assuage him a
 "little, is handsomely served out for it ; is knocked down
 "out of hand ; knocked down,—as surely she deserves no
 "less, interfering in that feminine-indiscreet manner—and
 "after, by a Hero-Grimwold with iron boots on, severely
 "kicked in the Epigastric regions,—beloved Bertha, at the
 "time, in a slightly interesting condition. Is conclusively
 "knocked down, kicked in the Epigastric regions—boots
 "very iron-efficacious ; snivelling a little in the unutterable
 "offensive feminine manner, is told, in voice clangorous-
 "stentorian, 'reverberating from the domes,' to 'hold her
 "'noise, or a worse thing shall befall her ;' holds it ; picks
 "herself up as she may, copiously bleeding, I observe,
 "merely however from the nose ; with last little sob con-

¹ Goethe—Poet so called of the Germans ; supremely great figure to
 me in old literary *dilletante* days and infancy ; now in mature years
 getting to look somewhat of a *small* figure ; his Fausts and the like,
 once thought to be great and the greatest, now seen to be *fiddle* merely ;
 our high Hero-Goethe himself mere pitifullest supreme Fiddler.

“vulsive-stified, curtsies submissive, in stately antique grace-
“ful fashion ; and sweeps off to her interior privacies, there
“to do meditations appropriate, and what little poulticings
“may be necessary. A man with the true Hero-stuff in him
“this, as I perceive ! not to be trifled with, idly interfered
“with ; a right stroke in him when needed, to cut short all
“that sort of thing ; the swift decisive Valour of whom, on
“this and the other occasion, may amaze us, may in many
“ways have silent didactic meanings for us. Few things in
“a Hero-Grimwold have been more notable to me than this
“due suppression of his woman-kind, a feat so unspeakably
“difficult. Man of Genius, as I always say, strangely inar-
“tulate ; *dumb* Poet ; a high family Ideal in the heart of
“him, *which*, in such rude imperfect methods as lie ready
“to him, he must evermore struggle to express ; Poet in a
“very real and genuine sense, who will polish his domestic
“stanza, as we see, perhaps in a somewhat effective manner.
“Truly, a most efficient Captain and ruler of men ! Of
“men—*and* of women, O beautiful, beloved Bertha ! copi-
“ously bleeding, as we saw, merely however from the nose.
“Of *women* ; a feat so unspeakably difficult, even Heroes at
“times not adequate to it. The sly Sluts that they are !
“quasi-submissive, all too insidious-subtle ; old serpent
“himself in his best days not perhaps to any very great
“extent subtler, insidiouser ; winding us round the fingers
“of them, as if we were worsted from the wool shop. ‘Not
“to Piccolomini then, dearest?’ ‘No’—in male thunders

“—No! and even thrice and eternally *NO!!* ‘Very well,
 “‘my own! quite so! of course, Darling!! *you* ought to
 “‘know best;’ making, O heavens! distinctest osculatory
 “effort at him. Osculations in progress here, audible,
 “exceedingly nauseous to think of; ardencies, amatory
 “movements osculatory and *other*; conjugalities, infinite
 “unutterable coo-cooings, not here to be minutely specified;
 “and thereafter, as one could well foresee, ringing of bell,
 “and John Thomas despatched to get opera tickets for us.
 “Alas! the quasi-submissive, Dalilah-ish, all too insidious-
 “subtle! very Heroes at times not adequate to them! Are
 “we *men* then, O wretched mooncalf! being osculated upon
 “there, in a way very nauseous indeed to me! with authen-
 “tic hair upon the cheeks of us, with some force of God-
 “given Freedom in the souls of us? or mooncalves merely,
 “with *rings* set in the silly noses of us, to be led hither and
 “thither withal? For *thee*, O osculatory mooncalf! I per-
 “ceive that in this Grimwold, there may lie much silent
 “monition. A Grimwold, once for all, whom *no* insidious-
 “est Bertha-Dalilah will be adequate to lead by the nose;
 “to wind round her finger like worsted, and, as if he were
 “wool from the wool-stapler, unutterably card and spin.
 “Consider him a little, O mooncalf!”

(Not to too impertinently interrupt Sauerteig here, might
 it not be asked whether, on the Sauerteig notions of Heroism,
 it is necessary to remit the mooncalf so far back as the
 Middle-age Grimwold for his lesson? Even in the present

deep-sunk accursed swindler century, are there not still some lingerings of heroism "adequate," as he puts it, to these high feats, which he all so lovingly celebrates? "Great "men have been among us," and, praise be to the upper powers! still *are*, and shall not yet a while, O Sauerteig! utterly cease from out the land. Did not we, in *Times* newspaper of day now passing, take note of one Tim Mooney, Hero-soul of Irish origin, *dumb* Poet, doubtless, in his way too, who, "polishing his domestic stanza" (with poker) by methods as seemed to us nowise greatly inferior to those of Grimwold himself, methods perhaps even to be recognised as *superior*, could the higher artistic details—unhappily, even by *Times* newspaper, not a very squeamish organ, considered "unfit for publication"—have been well looked into, seen into, was, by horse-hair persons, wholly without *Eye* for the heroic, sentenced to "two years of penal servitude," as payment in full of his heroism? The unhappy Hero-Mooney! fallen, like Sauerteig, on "an age too late," age of mere Valethood, unable to appreciate Heroes! Would Sauerteig diligently consider this Mooney, and others of the like, actually now extant among us, though hitherto overlooked by Sauerteig? for really there is much matter in them. A Sauerteig, we fear, deficient in the due breadth of view; a Sauerteig, most erudite-informed, deep in German, and much other fool's lingo, yet plainly unread in the Police reports. Would Sauerteig but address himself a little to *these*, and, considering the nobleness which still lingers with us, strive,

in some reasonable loving manner, to adjust himself to the World which he hitherto merely flouts at. Doubt it not, O Sauerteig ! pluck but thine eye out of thine *occiput*, plant it in the shining forehead of thee, and *look !* the Hero-hood thou so worshippes in thy Grimwold, lo you ! it is even *here*, here before us in the Police reports. Would Sauerteig but see fit to betake himself with vigour to the new line of study here suggested, whereof, by due aid of the "patent "inimitable" much might really be made—what, if even in two or four stout sufficient volumes, at the easy rate of one pound *per vol.*, some "life and times of Tim Mooney," or the like, true prose Epic of the *present* Era, for which we have been waiting this while back ? And now enough of our interruptions, impertinences, and back with Sauerteig to Grimwold and his high "Ware poultry" businesses.)

"Bertha-interferences disposed of, summarily smitten "aside, as we saw, and a beloved Bertha herself swept off to "her interior privacies to do poulticings and meditations at "pleasure, remains that a Hero-Grimwold with all speed *do* "judgment on foul robber *vulpes*, and, in some practical "impressive manner, preach abroad to the dim populations, "the divine messages and 'Ware Poultrys,' struggling in the "fire-heart of him. And here one bethinks him of the "judicious Mrs. Glass, and her 'first catch your hare.' To "catch thy *vulpes*, O Grimwold ! *that*, I perceive, will be the "first nowise most easy part of the business. A *vulpes*, as "it proves, most sly-vulpine, and as good as declining to be

“caught. Not a trace to be had of *vulpes*! Whole
“scoundrel populations for miles about swept together by
“swift methods and severest scrutiny going forward; with
“next to no result whatever, *vulpes* quite steadily declining
“to be caught. *Vulpes* for certain *here*, but the problem of
“*catching* him a stiff one; as at last appears to a Grimwold,
“awfully imprecating the while *per os Dei*! and the like, a
“quite blank and hopeless one. ‘Let Justice *be* done,’ the
“deepest divine instinct of the Hero-soul; and, lo now!
“justice is slipping through our fingers and threatening *not*
“to get done. Intolerable to a Hero-Grimwold, in the deep
“heart of him silently revolving methods. Sudden it strikes
“him, very beam upon him out of heaven itself, irradiating
“the grim visage, shooting out from the fire-eyes of him. A
“gleam of sure insight, sure steady glance into the fact, and
“practicality of the matter, which probably may prove sur-
“prising to well regulated constitutional minds of these
“periods. *Vulpes*, on the one hand, steadily declining to
“be caught; God’s justice, on the other, sternly demanding
“to *be* done upon him; what reconciliation is there—can
“there be? For thee, O well-regulated, red-tapish in-
“dividual! for *thee*, in such case, there *is* none, neither can
“there be. But a Middle-age Hero-Grimwold is of other
“stuff than *Thou*! Of this universal miscellany of scoundrels,
“(some hundred or two,) certain *this* at least, that foul
“*vulpes* whom we seek is *one*. Swift, then, from this miscel-
“lany of scoundrels, riddle me out some score or so, and,

“look you, knaves! be quick about it, or——. By swift
“method of lot, as I perceive, straightway the thing is done;
“satisfactorily riddled out from the general ragged mass, stand
“twenty ragged losels apart there, not looking much as if
“they liked it. These, then, decides our Grimwold, with
“triumph in the grim eyes of him; be these, then, our foul
“*vulpes!* These, at stroke of dawn to-morrow, solemnly, the
“Gods looking at us—we will, on one sufficient oak-bough,
“satisfactorily throttle and hang, and so conclude the busi-
“ness. Let Justice *be* done; our divine message of ‘Ware
“poultry’ preached abroad to these dim populations,
“perhaps with some little emphasis. Really a person this
“with the sound stuff of the matter in him, I perceive; man
“who actually *sees*; and, seeing what to do, will promptly
“do it, and no mistake; an original kind of man, and withal
“quick-witted-inventive; his device of hanging twenty
“scoundrels on chance of getting at his one *one vulpes*, not
“perhaps likely to occur to every one; man, above all, who
“plainly has ‘swallowed all formulas,’ in a way infinitely
“cheering and satisfactory to me! And, O brothers! the
“gods’ message for ever present in the old-devout heart of
“him; present, as in these times, new-*un*devout, we cannot
“even conceive of it—‘Let Justice *be* done’—this, as I do
“perceive, is a thing, in these sad days, much worth medi-
“tating. Let Justice *be* done—surely authentic-divine, and
“summary of all divine messages whatever to us! *be* done;
“if not absolutely, accurately, and finally, then approximately,

“by such methods as may lie to hand, of lot or the like ; *all*
“human methods, be it observed, *being* in the nature of them
“approximate. Constitutional methods now much vaunted,
“in vogue, accredited, considerably *more* approximate than
“these rude-veracious promptitudes of Grimwold, I suspect ;
“no poor mortal ever now throttled at the Old Bailey, but
“some prosperous supreme Flunkey sitting on the high
“places, much worshipped by other flunkies, intrinsically *de-*
“*serves* it better ; Flunkey whom I, with these itching hands,
“if only such blessedness could be granted me on earth,
“with grimmest gusto *would* throttle. ‘Progress,’ hitherto,
“as I compute, for all our hallelujahs heaven-high about it,
“not very great in *this* direction. Endless considerations
“pressing on us here shall, for the present, be postponed ;
“let Justice *be* done, and high solemnity in progress engross-
“ing our entire attention. Solemnity, perhaps, worth look-
“ing at a little—interesting—not unedifying.

“Gay dawn, dewy-bright, and up with it, alert to do the
“pretty bit of work cut out for him our high Hero-Grimwold,
“stern joy in the visage of him, grim-implacable. Up with
“it, also, probably with somewhat *less* joy in them, twenty
“poor doomed scoundrels, whose singular last-Night
“thoughts, could we but know them, as we cannot, might be
“preferable to those of Dr. Young. Ranged there, under
“their sufficient oak-bough, sufficient hemp about the poor
“necks of them, and overhead on our sufficient oak-bough,
“—pulleys, or the like, most sufficient. Murder-tackle

“surely rude enough, shocking to the scientific soul of Calcraft, with his superfine ‘patent drop,’ but perhaps may *do* the business. Gay dawn, dewy-bright ; for lo you ! how now, in the far Orient, the great Sun, punctual, like a strong man to run his race, comes up in struggling fire ! quelling the clouds and Night-shadows, shooting level on the green earth his Victor-shafts and floods of yellow radiance ; the leaves moist-shimmering, and the dews upon the tender herb struck all into soft fevers with it. Thrilling the wide air, infinite small twitter and piping of glad birds, sedulous, with gratefulest twitterings, pipings, to welcome in the new day ; ragged losels, to extent of twenty, about to die, looking out into all this, listening to it all, too surely for the last time, with feelings of some little peculiarity perhaps. Feelings, thoughts, doubtless, in their way, peculiar enough, which, on the whole, one would not object to see into a little. Frightful is it ? O losels ! certes, *most* frightful ! And yet, what if intrinsically even more *strange* than frightful ; the frightfulness, in nature’s mercy to us, strangely absorbed into the *strangeness* of it. Alas, poor losels ! dim blockheads, who cannot, even here on the grim edge of it, get rightly to *believe* they are to die ! O heavens ! is it not all some black foul dream and unreality, from which we may momentarily wake up again ? Losels, much puzzled, as I perceive,—not in the least able to make it all out ; on which poor ground of stupidity, and dim brute bewilderment of mind, they can creditably enough

“get through with it, dying to a man *game*, as we phrase it
“in our current speech. As, in fact, nearly all mortals *can*,
“when it comes to that; exiting they know not whither,
“for most part, with duest stupidity and stolidity. Losels
“now just on the verge of it, and last noose in final course
“of adjustment, suddenly, from the shuddering mass of
“onlookers, rush shrieking Maternities to extent of five;
“shrieking, infinitely ululating, after the unutterable manner
“of maternity in such sad case; cleaving with wild cries of
“them the sacred Morning Silences. Our Children! O
“heavens! our poor Children! seems but yesterday they
“were babes upon the proud, glad breasts of us, soft-sucking
“all sorrow away from them; and *now*—O heavens! We
“will pardon to poor Maternities, in such sad case, some
“little amounts of ululation. One poor Maternity in partic-
“ular, ululating high above all others, dashes frantically
“down at the feet of our Hero-Grimwold, and will clutch for
“dear pity at the knees of him, still wildly ululating. Foster-
“mother of the Rhadamanthine man, and on *that* head will
“shriek sufficiently. Her Wat! her poor Wat! her *little*
“Wat, who was dandled on her knees with Grimwold, and
“sucked milk from the same breasts with him! and now the
“dear life to be strangled out of him *so*; and *can* a high
“Grimwold do it? *will* her *own Grimwold* that once was,
“have the dead stone heart? To such effect ululates
“and potherers piteous a poor frantic Foster-mother,
“clutching passionate at the knees of the grim man. A

“Rhadamanthine kind of man, inexorable as the just
“Gods are; desperately set upon his will here, and
“now, in the carrying of it out, pestered with *more*
“feminine interferences. Which thing a Hero - Grim-
“wold, intent upon ‘Ware poultry’ and ‘Let justice *be*
“‘done!’ will nowise in the least tolerate. Lifting his great
“boot therefore—boot most iron-efficacious, as a beloved
“Bertha knows—a stout sufficient Grimwold conclusively
“*spurns* from him a Foster-mother, ululating now *too* exces-
“sively; smites her down senseless to the sward there—
“very Rhadamanthine indeed—and instantly, at signal given,
“twenty poor figures rush up towards the serene spaces,
“and, under their sufficient oak-bough, may kick and
“contort themselves at pleasure, each according to his
“whim and private notion of it. Singular dance upon
“nothing going on here in the summer dawn, the opening
“heavens smiling down upon it; singular! picturesque
“enough! lively! naturally—each poor losel having his
“whim of it—with much convulsed variety of *step*; highly
“curious to be looked at, curious, and very edifying.
“‘Hideous!’ shriekest thou? O blockhead! ‘Grinding of
“‘human hearts under millstones!’ other the like shrieking
“and fatuity! Hideous! yea truly! as the doings of the
“Gods are, which are also much *other* than hideous.
“Terrible we will call it; grim-tragic, which will also mean,
“well considered, grim-Beautiful, and afar off Benign.
“Verily, let Justice *be* done—our ‘Ware poultrys’ and

“divine messages preached abroad even *so*, surely with
“sufficient emphasis. Truly a most stern man! Rhada-
“manthine-inexorable; with Berserkir rage in him, nearly
“to all extents; yet, with soft wells of pity withal, deep
“down in the rude rock heart of him; the soft quality of
“mercy—when permissible, as hitherto it clearly could not
“be—nowise omitted in the making of him, as instantly
“falls to be illustrated. For lo! now! our score of losels,
“set to dance upon nothing there, with lively varieties in the
“*step* of them, seem shortly as if they tired of it; wax less
“and less lively, as is natural; one by one, at length wholly
“strike work, and hang there satisfactorily danced *down*,
“defunct. One most obstinate-lively losel—Foster-brother
“Wat, as I rather think—having danced down all the rest,
“still obstinately keeps dancing. The all too lively Wat!
“the singular contortings, *steps* of him for a time curious-
“amusing, now fast becoming afflictive; poor Wat, who
“deserved a little, getting plainly now *too much* of it; yet
“lively, and, unless we stop him, will go on to give himself
“*more!* On the whole, will not a Grimwold, stern, but,
“with wells of pity deep down in him, show mercy upon
“poor Wat *now*—when, perhaps, it may be permissible?
“Surely a Grimwold will show mercy, who has funds of
“softness in him withal. Wherefore, at signal again given,
“up the great oak trunk, alert as cat at it, goes *swarming* a
“deft functionary; deftly ascends; swiftly and deftly runs
“out on the sufficient oak-bough, swiftly and deftly, by rope,

“descends on poor Wat, still lively there ; and *there*, on the
“poor struggling shoulders of him—Grimwold humming him
“tune for it—will perform some sufficient fandango. Neck
“bones of Wat—says Jocelinus—audibly cracking under his
“operations. *Cracking!* (*crepitantia*—Monk-dialect—very
“Monk) we thank thee for the word, O Jocelinus! veracious
“human chronicler with *Ears!* Whereby poor Wat pre-
“sently, his sore sorrows now over, will also strike work
“and hang quiet like the other nineteen, satisfactorily
“danced down and defunct. Due contortings for Wat,
“since it must be so, but not *undue* ; for the raggedest
“loسل of them all not *undue* ! Let Justice *be* done ! most
“sure, certain ; yet also surely, when permissible, let mercy
“temper justice ! Due contortings for Wat, not *undue* ; for
“a poor Foster-brother whom we love, surely never *undue* !
“The tenderness, the fine pity of it in so grim a man as
“this is, has seemed to me, I do confess, most beautiful,
“Idyllic-touching. A Grimwold surely, who has bowels in
“him, though not moving them on slight occasions.

“On the whole, can it seem other to us, than that this
“Grimwold, energetically hanging his losels here—let block-
“heads shriek as they will of it—is doing a manful and
“cheering feat under the sun? A Hero-Grimwold who, in
“these sad deep-sunk times of ‘juries declining to convict’
“should be very didactic indeed for us in this special
“department of things. ‘Juries declining to convict!’
“O heavens! was ever in this God’s world the like thing

“before heard of? Of *such* juries, what in the Gods’ name
“is an Earnest-soul to say or think? juries which strike one
“DUMB as with awe and a certain panic terror. Hideous
“summary and concrete of all practical human basenesses,
“dastard falsities, and stupidities whatever. Heaven send
“them only a Grimwold to be didactic to them by his
“prompt method of the hemp rope and sufficient oak bough.
“*He*, as I do perceive, would be the right one to *reform*
“such singular juries for us; *He*, and no other.”

Of which highly peculiar “Utterances,” what is to be said except that Hero-Worship, too deep consideration of our own sublime Sitting-parts, and pursuit of one particular class of Ideals, will be exceedingly apt, like misery, to “bring us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.” Really a Hero-Grimwold this to whom we must decline to bow the knee. Not an idol for *our* money this at all! With respect to reasons of dissent, of civilly declining to bow, needless, too obviously, to talk to Sauerteig. Sauerteig at this time of day got clearly beyond being talked to. A Sauerteig, who, plain Brute being presented to him, will forthwith label him “Baresark,” and consider he has *done* the business; has as good as sprinkled holy water over him and consecrated him to all time; *such* a Sauerteig is plainly a hopeless case, and need not greatly be talked to. Else might not one feel disposed to interrogate Sauerteig a little on the head of his murderous savage and ruffian, *hight* Grimwold; Hero-Governor, whom Sauerteig so infinitely admires, teaching his

dim populations to soar heavenward—twenty at a time, as we saw. As instance, not to press the case of Bertha (his *Wife*, and no doubt deserving all she got and more) was his treatment of his poor Foster-mother really quite Christian and humane? of Foster-brother Wat, on whom he showed such singular *pity*? Rhadamanthus! responds Sauerteig, curt-taciturn; Junius Brutus! No word further from Sauerteig, except perhaps, if you still keep pressing him, “Owl! “Ostrich! Idiot! wholly without *Eye* for the Heroic!” Again, it might be asked, admitting all methods of justice approximate hitherto, was not the Grimwold method here a little *too merely* approximate? Did it not perhaps occur to Sauerteig, that these twenty poor losels, whose “convulsed “variety of *step*” seems so edifying, amusing to him, were after all *innocent*? “Innocent!” the Sauerteig will echo, not without surprise, contempt; and, perhaps, proceed sardonically—“Who then *is* innocent? O paltry wretch! art “*thou* innocent? and if we now summarily clutched *thee*, “and, by swift Grimwold methods, throttled the foul soul “out of thee, wouldst thou then be getting other than the “God’s justice, and authentically *thy* deserts?” What to say of a Sauerteig capable of such an *argumentum ad hominem* as this? A Sauerteig who need not be talked to: who may as well without interference be left to go his own strange courses, and proceed upon his worship of Brutes by the method of labelling them Baresarks. Of his high Hero-Grimwold, though we, for our small part, must utterly decline

the worship of him, be much joy to Sauerteig! A Sauerteig who—to show what lengths he will go—his Grimwold by much *meat* and the like, exploding at length upon him in mere spontaneous combustions, will lovingly linger over the oleaginous-obscene deposits of him, not without questionable allusion to Elijah and Fire-chariots.

Further specimens of Sauerteig we should like to give at some length, but, alas! must not. His unparalleled chapter, for instance, entitled, “Flea hunt—Divine Significance ‘of Fact’”—could it prove other than most interesting? How a high Grimwold once at dead midnight, Hero-snoring beside his beloved Bertha, dimly became conscious of sensations most itchy-uneasy on the haunch of him; flea or other vivacious insect of democratic tendencies having invaded that region, and proceeded to extract his Life-fluids. How a high Grimwold woke up; swore a little, *per os Dei*—his favourite if not sole piece of piety—scratched the afflicted part, and sulkily re-addressed himself to his slumbers. How it would not in the least do; flea still most vivacious-annoying, diligently extracting the Life-fluids; haunch still most itchy-uneasy; till at length an infuriated Grimwold will fairly dash out of bed imprecating heaven-high, and with much sounding of gongs, rushing of terrified lackeys with torches, (*mostly in a state of entire nudity,*) and other the like tumult, proceed to *hunt his flea*; beautiful, beloved Bertha, in her singular Middle-age night gear, shivering observant the while. How, for a space of two hours, he hunts—

fierce-assiduous, desperate to catch his flea; hunts, hunts, "hugest, tumultuous, inextinguishable Flea Hunt," says Sauerteig, "that ever perhaps transacted itself on this "God's earth;" hunts and evermore hunts, and finds, to his much rage and grief, that flea, like *vulpes* on a previous occasion, once for all, *will not be caught*—uncertain to this hour whether after all it were Flea or Bug. All this, told in the vivid Sauerteig manner, with graphic touch and due vigour of presentment, readers might have found interesting. Nay, if Sauerteig is to be believed in the matter, there is in it didactic meaning of the deeper sort. "Hugest, &c., Flea Hunt," says Sauerteig, "that ever "perhaps transacted itself on this God's earth; *which*, on "the deep ground that it veritably *did* so transact itself *there*, "is precious and for ever a possession to me. Infinite is the "significance of *Fact*, of Reality! Consider it, O reader! this "thing actually *was*; was, and very literally *is* now, and "cannot for ever cease to be; a portion of the God's fact "which liveth and endureth for ever. A Grimwold scratch- "ing his haunch there, tumultuously hunting his flea there, "is great; is memorable to me; on the deep ground that "the high man *actually did it*. Demonstrable, O reader! "scientifically certain, that this very sentence I now write is, "in the turn of it, twist of it, determined, influenced, in "infinitesimal-incalculable, most nameless yet withal most "real methods, by a Grimwold scratching his haunch there, "in that extinct old century of time." (We may be permitted

to observe here, that if the main function of Grimwold scratching, be to determine the twist of the singular Sauerteig sentences, the world does not perhaps on *that* head owe any very deep debt of gratitude to Grimwold.) "Flea or bug?" proceeds the singular Sauerteig, "point much laboured by "Dryasdust, the dim doleful creature that he is! with next to "no result whatever for us. Flea or bug? question of some "depth of import; hecatombs of human creatures burnt, "martyred, massacred to all extents, for questions, as I do "perceive, intrinsically much more trivial; question which "——." It is not, perhaps, highly essential to follow Sauerteig in the interesting discussion which ensues—discussion in which Sauerteig displays his usual erudition and ability, and flouting at ineffectual Dryasdust as he goes, conclusively establishes for all men, that once for all it was *flea*—and by no means Bug, as heretical persons have contended. In which important additional certainty, and piece of the actual God's fact, may lie many meanings for a Sauerteig. A Sauerteig on this question of *Fact*, its divine significance and relation to thing called *Fiction*, not always quite easy to be made out; a little hallucinated or so, perhaps; not altogether in his right mind.

Of singular chapter, entitled "Reformed Parliament," in which Sauerteig proposes to *hang* the universal British people, (a company of foreign Artists being engaged for the occasion,) and "*so* reform it in perhaps a sufficiently *radical* "manner"—a Hero-ruler, adequate to that high feat, being,

at present, the one thing needed—nothing here to be remarked, except that it has suggested to us a few perhaps rather, pertinent observations, which we take leave to entitle

HOROSCOPE.

Much meditating Sauerteig this long while, and the strange ways he is going, one wonders where he will get to in the long run—what the deuce is in the end to become of him? It is the curse, as we perceive, of this Sauerteig hitherto, that it has not lain to his hand to *do* heroisms, but only to unutterably shriek and *write* about them ; course, as Sauerteig himself well knows, leading too frightfully nowhither. For Sauerteig, much dissatisfied, deeply diseased mortal, profoundly Wertherish to this hour, we observe, surprising as some may think it ; a whole fierce Werther and monster-brood gnawing, gnawing at his poor inwards, though the right Spartan manhood of him be nowise now minded to shriek thereof ; Werther come back upon us in very singular figure, having decisively *cut* the poor sentimental and personal concern, and gone with a *will* into the Hero-business ; with such difference, therefore, in the aspect and practical outcome of him, as the different conditions will imply ; man who will for ever fiercely curse, and hurl wild scorn at Werther, in token that he can never get wholly rid of him. For *such* a Sauerteig, what medicament save in *Work*, actual Hero-business to be *done*, not endlessly shrieked and written about? *Work!* which might actually be found for Sauer-

teig, and very much to his mind too. A high Hero-Calcraft, sole possible Hero-figure, and victorious *Doer* in these sad times, of whom Sauerteig is in a sense the spiritual complement; Hero-Calcraft being now far-spent, fordone with long life of arduous Heroisms, the nerve of him much gone, as was seen in his sad bungle of the Bousfield business;¹ seems nowise unneedful we look about us for a fit Hero-successor of him. And does not a Sauerteig stand ready to snatch the rope from the failing hand, and victoriously bear it forward? Would the Woods and Forests perhaps look to it? they, or Downing Street, or whoso may hold in hand the high appointment? A Sauerteig once well installed therein, duly provided with rope, and set to abolish our scoundrels for us, had we not then, for once at least, most authentically, the "right man in the right place?" How would a Hero-

¹This implied slur upon the character and efficiency of an eminent public functionary must now in mere fairness be withdrawn. Mr. Calcraft has since, by some years of splendid Professional success, entirely re-established his previous high character as a Hangman; and the little difficulty which occurred with Mr. Bousfield is now only remembered as one of those critical instances in which a Great man has unaccountably been found beneath himself; like Napoleon on the field of Borodino, or Mr. John Stuart Mill in his reasonings concerning Moral Liberty. One of Mr. Calcraft's very latest efforts — his despatch of the unfortunate Dr. Pritchard—the writer, as present in an official capacity, had occasion to inspect very closely; and it seemed to him the work of a Master-genius in his art. Without meaning to disparage the admitted Genius of Mr. Carlyle, he is by no means quite sure that that gentleman—had he undertaken to "abolish the scoundrel"—would have done it very much better.

Sauerteig go with his whole soul into the work, and emulate the Grimwolds whom he worships! How nicely would he handle his criminal, "using him as if he loved him!" With how grim a gusto, yet tenderly, politely withal, would he manipulate about the throat of his scoundrel; delicately trim the noose, give trimmest last touch to the night-cap, and proceed consummately to *turn him off*, a most finished and completed piece of art. A Sauerteig by whom it would almost be a happiness to be hanged; to whom surely no sufferer of proper feeling, principle, could grudge his little perquisite of the body clothes. To the public, the services of a Hero-Sauerteig would be priceless. And to Sauerteig himself—now *doing* the Hero-work, not merely shrieking and writing about, and about, and about it—surely the spiritual benefit would be much. A Sauerteig no longer isolated; haughtily, angrily aloof, as now; but more and more a man among men; who, by steady sedulous hanging of his fellow-creatures, would more and more humanly reconcile himself to them, recognise his brotherhood with all men. *Here*, we do perceive, lies the true final Hero-field for Sauerteig. Will Downing Street, when the vacancy occurs, be good enough to look very strictly to it?

Of Sauerteig why further? Of his Hero-business—mere Cookery, and "the patent inimitable" nine-tenths of it—we have already seen enough perhaps. Of his "Earnest soul," "Noble life," and the like, what should fall to be said, except that, for souls perhaps in their small way Earnest-noble,

but not balefully *intent* upon being so, *conscious* of being so, it is really afflictive, and in fact grown to be one of the main nuisances of life in these sad times. Seems to us the "Divine meanings of Silence" might be nowhere more obvious to Sauerteig than in this of the Earnest-noble. The Earnest-noble, shrieking itself at us from the housetops, is questionable, suspect to us. To shriek upon the housetops, O Sauerteig! really such a very easy matter; sufficient lungs of leather, we perceive, sole gift requisite for *that* exploit. In Heaven's name, O Sauerteig! *be* earnest! *be* noble! to quite infinite extents, if thou wilt, *that* being thy particular whim of it; Be! in the God's name, *Be!!* and let it altogether suffice to thee; and the less said about it the better perhaps.

Of Igdrasil, the Life-tree again, and the highly peculiar relations of Sauerteig therewith, much might readily be said, the Time-spirits and Printer's Devils permitting. Relations surely *most* peculiar! On the whole, nothing can exceed the respect of Sauerteig for his Igdrasil; Igdrasil, which, at times, he will also lovingly denominate "the All;" or Awl is it perhaps? supreme creative cobbler's implement (strictly *without* cobbler) wherewith our great World-boot shall fashion itself and be fashioned. Igdrasil, *plus* mere Grimwolds and other the like foul Fetishes, as more and more becomes obvious, sole objects of worship, and entire spiritual furniture of the man, wherewith he will front the roaring Eternities, Immensities. On the whole, deepest respect, reverence for his Igdrasil; and yet, curiously

enough withal, deep settled *discontent*, with an Igdrasil *growing* surely of late on palpably erroneous methods. A not quite *wise* Igdrasil, to whom Sauerteig plainly considers himself competent to give hints, wrinkles, putting Igdrasil up to a thing or two; Igdrasil whom an earnest Sauerteig will evermore correct, instruct, and *teach*, with really exemplary pains, the important lesson, *how to grow*! Not the thing at all this, as I compute, O Igdrasil! growing *now*, by these sad unexampled methods, mere *new shoots*, which are next to no good at all to us. New shoots not the thing at all, and will never do. The real thing for *thee*, O Igdrasil! to *resuscitate the dead branches* of thee; this or the other dead branch, Hero-governor or the like, rotting at the tree-root there, the old women picking it for firewood; *that*, above all, O Igdrasil! must thou resuscitate, re-inweave—begging it back from the old women—or an Igdrasil got into bad latitudes, I rather fear. Even so unutterably jargons Sauerteig, scolding, flouting at his Igdrasil, and really, with fierce pains, *teaching it how to grow*! By venerable understood methods, O Igdrasil! which I, Sauerteig, will prescribe to thee. Igdrasil, meanwhile, grows steadily, and no doubt *having* its methods as of old it had, heeds little what even a Sauerteig may think of them. In heaven's name, O Sauerteig! *let it grow*!! A Sauerteig, diligently worshipping his Igdrasil, yet evermore taking to task his Igdrasil, cursing at his Igdrasil, and really with fierce pains, *teaching it how to grow*, is surely an amazing spectacle for us.

Amazing ; not uninstrusive, significant ; the Sauerteig attitude here more or less typical perhaps of some dark disunion, unreconcilement, conditioning the whole activity of the man. Man, to this hour, as we perceive, never wholly at one with himself, let him shriek and asseverate as he will of it ; very "Everlasting Yea" of him, properly a *kind* of—Nay ; Nay, with wild, shrieking, despairing protest against *itself* ; clutching out in search of—Yea—in perhaps somewhat a blind manner, catching mere Grimwolds, Igdrasils. Yea, much worth speaking of, conclusively not to be got at, it should seem, on the questionable Sauerteig terms. Phantasms of Yea to be got at merely ; wretched illusory semblances of it ; wholly unsatisfying spectres of Igdrasil, Grimwold, and the like ; wherewith the Earnest soul, in deep just dissatisfaction withal, shrieks wildly that it *is* satisfied. Shrieks, and evermore shrieks ; and much writhing, as in chronic agony and exasperation, satisfactorily testifies *so*, to what a pinnacle of superior "blessedness" it has been privileged to soar by these methods. *Blessedness*—"happiness" having been summarily kicked overboard as unworthy of us. Happiness a quite too despicable matter, unworthy the consideration of a Sauerteig ; (who withal, perhaps, like another, might scream with a sufficient cramp in the belly of him.) Attitude superficially heroic : not wholly without its plausibilities, deceptive nobilities, and airs of the high old Stoic species. "Happiness unworthy of a Sauerteig," looking to be exceeding great, and obviously so considering itself, seen

to be *other* than quite great ; to be more or less only *sham* great ; even so far as it *is* great, to be questionable, heathenish ; reconstitution on a higher plane of that very detestable Egoism, which it brags to have cast out on a lower one. Egoism, as we suspect, in some more or less damnable and deadly form of it, the inevitable outcome of Igdrasil ; the Ego of which Igdrasil is an implicit suppression and outrage, avenging itself even *so*. On the whole, we surmise this Igdrasil, or Awl to be a—Hum—for any good we are to like to get of it. Horror of heart and loneliness ! —crushing and weary sadness, the Grief which consumes and *kills* ! That, we take it, is about the *net* result of Igdrasil, to souls with any deep funds of natural Religiosity in them ; result, from which here and there a strenuous Sauerteig will with toil of heart contrive to *escape* ; and realise for himself, *on his own strength*, surely a right noble and manful, if still somewhat tragical and hapless, manner of existence ; an indomitable sort of Sauerteig, who will contrive in some grim-noble form to *live*, where weaker souls might sink and die, stifled in the nameless quagmires. An Igdrasil satisfactory to the intellect, deadly to the souls of men ; good as intellectual conception, otherwise not quite so good ; constituted into worshipable Entity, found to be a cruel and ghastly Idol, crushing out, as under merciless Juggernaut-wheels, the hearts and lives of its Worshipers. An Igdrasil, on the intellectual side, seen to be satisfactory ; seen also, on the other, or moral and emotional side, imperatively to

demand, for its reconciliation to the ineradicable instincts of men, recognition of some other and complementary element. Element, we suspect, quite *other* than the mere Fetish-Grimwold one; element, let us admit, in these most uncomfortably, tragically illuminated Epochs, not quite so easy to be got at, as might seem to our benighted Grandmothers. Sauerteig and the Religious Question!! O heavens! would not an entire and prolonged Discourse, of quite *other* than the all too Occasional kind, be needed for the least elucidation of so deep and perplexed a topic?

On the whole, for this Sauerteig, though at times we may do a poor snigger at him, killing our dull hour that way, we can have nothing but comparative respect; Sauerteig, though much an oddity in his way, always a high and shining figure for us. Man indeed, whom smallest blockheads may controvert, criticise; whom wise men, according to their wisdom, will be shy of trying to *instruct*. Man who indeed at times will wildly overlook much; yet who often, as from casual light-gleams, points of insight, a right reader of the Cookery Books may discern, sees somewhat more than he will *seem* to see; who, if looking to be dullard a little now and then, has doubtless his deep reasons for it; whom this and the other pert person, with his "Scientific conception of human "History," may profitably pass without meddling with. Not easy, we suspect, in any of the intellectual provinces to *suggest* what should be *news* to Sauerteig, taking quietly account of much which he wildly should seem to ignore.

A Sauerteig, who, the whim striking him, will oftentimes pluck the *Eye* out of his *occiput*, plant it in the shining forehead of him, and *look* with really much depth and decisiveness into this and the other matter ; will most pertinently now *see*; and anon, the other whim striking him, will wildly, wilfully, *not* see, and, snatching the unfortunate *Eye*, stick it wildly into his *occiput* again. Truly a wild man and a wilful ; luminous-tenebrific, sagacious-inept, to an extent not hitherto seen among mortals perhaps ; man controvertible to nearly all extents, yet, on the whole, whom sagest persons of the discreeter sort will be shy of trying to *instruct*. O Sauerteig ! High-absurd mortal that thou art ! endless are the whims of thee, the humours of thee, the ground and lofty tumblings and oddities ! Which of us all, inspecting the Parts of thee —Sitting or other—the curiosities quaint-absurd of thee, but continually, will he, nill he, and if not *with* thee, then *at* thee, must go upon the broad grin ! At the lowest, an amusing Sauerteig ! Live Sauerteig ! and when next he “rides abroad”¹ on his Prose Pegasus, with surely the

¹ Alas ! the poor Sauerteig (really good old Creature he, despite of these wretched “Reminiscences”—*mis*-Reminiscences mostly—poor old decrepit hallucinations, delirations—let us hope so ! let us desperately seek to believe so—carefully *Edited* by our faithful and ever-affectionate friend, James Anthony Froude—more properly to be held *un*-Edited) cannot here “ride abroad” any more for ever ; old Prose Pegasus and he are ridden off together into the Pale Kingdoms ; and the touching old ditty of the Thames Water-man has taken of late for all of us a new and quite a tragical significance :—

“ Now no more at Chelsea Ferry
Shall poor Thomas take a spell.

markablest paces ever exhibited by Animal, "may *we* be
ere to see," even at that huge extortionary figure of one
ound *per vol.* for the spectacle. As a master of curious
rsemanship, we consider him much beyond Gilpin. And
w summarily an end of Sauerteig, and of these our all too
xasional Discoursings concerning him.



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